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THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. I.

THE IRISH ATTORNEY:

OR

GALWAY PRACTICE IN 1770.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY WILLIAM BAYLE BERNARD.

With the Stage Directions, Description of Costumes, &c.



NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY BERFORD & CO.,

NO. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

PRICE 12½ CENTS.



Chas. C. Lund.

Concord.

W. H.
"



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ACT I. SCENE I.

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William
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WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS excellent farce is from the pen of the talented author of "The Nervous Man," Bayle Bernard, Esq., who is an American by birth, though of Irish descent. It was first performed at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the 6th of May, 1840; its success was then unequivocal; and it has ever since been regarded as one of the most valuable additions to our stock of mirth-provoking after-pieces. Mr. Bernard dedicates this piece "To the memory of Luke Bernard, attorney-at-law, Limerick," as a "Reminiscence of his life and virtues, by his affectionate descendant."

Of the performance of *Pierce O'Hara*, the hero of this farce, by the late Mr. Power (for whom it was expressly written), we can but say, it was perfection. Mr. Collins, Mr. Leonard, and a host of "Irish Comedians," have since enacted the part, the former with very distinguished success; and amongst the latter, Mr. Nickinson, of the Olympic Theatre, deserves honourable mention. His style of dressing and enacting the "four-bottled, five-barred, rollicking" Galway gentleman, is certainly equal to that of any of the other candidates for "the mantle of Poor Power." It is to this gentleman we are indebted for the copy from which this edition is printed. That copy was, by permission, carefully revised and corrected by him from the manuscript used by the original personator of the hero during his last engagement in New York. The alterations and additions by Mr. Power, add very much to the effectiveness of the piece; and we feel much pleasure in being enabled to present what we believe to be the only edition of "The Irish Attorney," as performed by that lamented actor.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Haymarket, 1840.</i>	<i>Park, 1847.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1847.</i>
<i>Pierce O'Hara</i>	Mr. Power.	Mr. Collins.	Mr. Nickinson.
<i>Jacob Wylie</i>	" Strickland.	" Fisher.	" Everard.
<i>Hawk</i>	" Gough.	" G. Andrews.	" Conover.
<i>Saunders</i>	" Oxberry.	" Povey.	" Roberts.
<i>Maldon</i>	" Howe.	" Sutherland.	" Clark.
<i>Charlcote</i>	" Worrell.	" A. Andrews.	" Bleecker.
<i>Fielding</i>	" Caulfield.	" M ^c Douall.	" Levere.
<i>Biggs</i>		" Matthews.	" Barnett.
<i>Miss Charlcote</i>	Miss Travers.	Miss Kate Horn.	Miss Nickinson.
<i>Sally</i>	Miss Mattley.	Miss Gordon.	Miss Roberts.

Deputation of Farmers.

Time of Representation, One Hour and Thirty Minutes.

COSTUMES.

PIERCE O'HARA.—*First dress:* Scarlet gold-laced coat, cut in the fashion of 1770, turned up with green, buckskin breeches reaching to the calf, with bunches of black ribbons, white satin waistcoat, low top-boots, powdered head and queue, conical hat, broad-band and buckle. *Second dress:* Black silk breeches and stockings, shoes with red heels, and buckles.

JACOB WYLIE—Black velvet coat, black waistcoat and breeches, riding-boots, cocked hat, and curled wig.

HAWK.—Black coat, breeches, and stockings.

SAUNDERS.—Ditto, but much poorer.

CHARLCOTE.—Green riding-coat, laced and turned up with red, satin waistcoat, breeches, and top boots, conical hat.

MALDON.—Purple laced coat, yellow satin waistcoat, white breeches, and riding boots, cocked hat.

FIELDING.—Brown laced coat, satin waistcoat, white breeches, and riding boots, cocked hat.

FARMERS, &c.

MISS CHARLCOTE.—Powdered head, black satin hat, and white feather, yellow satin cloak, muslin frock.

SALLY.—Stuff gown looped up, mob cap.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE IRISH ATTORNEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Wylie's Offices, divided into two apartments by a glass partition at back, with door in c., through which is seen the outer office, and desks of the Clerks, &c.—The room in front being Mr. Wylie's, is fitted up with shelves, loaded with law books and tin deed-boxes, and tables R. and L. covered with papers—A fire-place stands R., over which is suspended a map of the country, an almanac, a sheriff's list, and a gun—Doors open R. and L. into inner rooms.*

HAWK is discovered at a table, writing—SAUNDERS at a desk in the outer office—and the two rooms are filled with clients—Farmers and Tradesmen seated or standing, who are waiting on business.

Hawk. [*Giving papers to one.*] There, Mr. Biggs, is your lease, with the clause added to it, about repairs—and, Mr. Jackson, there's your mortgage—you've settled with Mr. Wylie, I believe.

Big. E'es, zur, all be paid for.

Hawk. Very good—good morning.

Big. Good morning, sir.

[*They go out, c., another advances.*

Hawk. Mr. Ruggles, we can't move in your cause 'till next term, but we shall lose no time—we shall file a declaration, and retain counsel. You need have no fear, sir. You know Mr. Wylie is too sound a lawyer to advise this action, if he wasn't sure you'd win it.

Ruggles. Thank'ye. Good morning, sir.

[*Exit, c.,—a group advance.*

Hawk. Good morning, gentlemen; come to consult, I believe, about the right of way over Barnsbury-heath. Mr. Wylie is engaged just now, but if you can call when market's over, or in an hour's time, he'll be glad to see you.

Far. Thank'ye, zur, thank'ye. [*They all go out, c.*]

Hawk. Phew! confound these market-days, specially about Michaelmas. What a load of work they give us with their leases and mortgages; let's see, there's still that deed to finish, and the indentures, besides the sub-pœnas to serve, the distress on old Furrows, and the writ against Fielding. I say, Saunders—

SAUNDERS *advances, mending a pen, c.*

Sau. Yes.

Hawk. The old man's getting on, isn't he? it's only ten years ago, he came into the county, and now he has about the best business in the North Riding, and all owing to his steady-going habits. Everybody trusts him—Old Wylie, they say, never puts his hand out further than he can pull it back again.

Sau. Why, even Squire Maldon is come to him at last, and he is one of the richest landlords in the county, all because master is such a careful hand with tenants.

Hawk. Yes—it's wonderful what a good name does for a man sometimes—do you know, Saunders, master's got a visitor?

Sau. A visitor?

Hawk. Yes, an Irish gentleman, who came last night.

Sau. And what's he come about?

Hawk. I don't know: some agency, I think, though—I heard him talk about a cause he'd gained at Galway.

Sau. Why, he isn't an *Irish Attorney*, is he?

Hawk. Well, now you mention it, I shouldn't wonder.

Sau. What! one of those fellows who are always going to horse-races and cock-fights?

Hawk. Exactly so—he looks just the chap.

Sau. Then he's a pretty fellow for an agent—why, he's more likely to break the law than keep it; those Irish gentry are such devils for fighting, they call them *fire-eaters*. Why, I've been told, Hawk, that whenever they lose a cause, they swear it is an insult, and challenge the whole jury!

Hawk. Ha, ha! what fun.

Sau. You know what it means in Ireland when the court retires to *refresh* itself?

Hawk. No.

Sau. Why, it's when the attorneys go behind the court-house, and have a crack at the opposite counsel.

Hawk. Ha! ha! ha!

Wyl. [*Within.*] Hawk, Hawk!

Hawk. Eh, there's master coming—he'll be wanting this brief and I haven't half done it.

[*They return to their seats.*]

Enter WYLIE, through R. S. E. in great coat, top boots, &c. for travelling, followed by SALLY, with breakfast tray.

Wyl. Place it here, Sally, and tell Mr. Pierce O'Hara I wish to see him in the office.

Sal. E'es, zur. [*She places breakfast on table, and goes through door, R. S. E.*]

Wyl. Hawk! here's a letter I received late last night from my client, Mr. Newman—he is on the point of death, and has made no will, so I must drive over to Ripon at full speed—Saunders, run and order my gig.

Sau. Yes, sir. [*He goes out at back, c.*]

Wyl. And Hawk, come here, I have something to tell you which affects your future interests—you are aware that my business has increased so much of late, I have found it impossible to get through it satisfactorily; you'll not be surprised, therefore, when I tell you that I have taken in a *partner*.

Hawk. A partner, sir!

Wyl. Yes, that gentleman who arrived last night—a man of whose moral worth and high legal attainments I have received the most flattering vouchers. Now, I dare say you'll be surprised to hear he's an *Irishman*, knowing what we've heard of most Irish attorneys—fellows who do nothing but *duel* or fox-hunt—but this gentleman, I am assured, is devoted to business, in proof of which his uncle has not only paid me liberally to admit him, but has agreed to my inserting in our deed of partnership a *clause*, providing that if he should either ride or race, or fight a duel, without my consent, such acts should dissolve our partnership, and forfeit his money.

Hawk. Indeed, sir.

Wyl. You perceive, therefore, I am perfectly secure in what I've done, and—

O'H. [*Within.*] In the office, my darling—very well.

Wyl. He's coming—I've something to say to him, so you can leave us. [*Hawk goes into the inner office, c.*

Enter O'HARA, from door, R. S. E.

O'H. Aha! good morning to you, my friend, good morning.

Wyl. Good morrow, my dear sir—well, and how did you sleep? quite well, I hope.

O'H. Oh, mighty well—the fact is, when I sleep I pay attention to it.

Wyl. Your journey, then, has not fatigued you.

O'H. Oh, no—my fatigue mostly commences when I begin to sit still.

Wyl. Well, here's your breakfast.

O'H. Thank you. I hope I have not kept you waiting, my venerable old friend.

Wyl. Not at all: I've breakfasted.

O'H. That's right—you arrange your habits as you please—you never find fault with *me*, I'll never find fault with *you*.

Wyl. And now, whilst you take it, I have something to communicate—I have told you what occasions my departure to Ripon, where it is probable I shall be detained all day. [*O'Hara s'ts down to breakfast.*

O'H. Oh, don't hurry yourself—make it ten days, if you like.

Wyl. Now, whilst the clerks can transact the business in the office, there is one proceeding I would entrust entirely to *your* care. I've explained to you that one of my best clients in the neighbourhood is a Mr. Maldon, a gentleman possessed of a very large estate, and—

O'H. Very capital ham.

Wyl. Well, sir—Mr. Maldon, you must know, is on the point of marriage with a Miss Charlcote, the sister of a neighbour, which alliance would have been solemnized ere now, had he not discovered he had a rival by the name of Fielding—

O'H. Why don't he shoot him?

Wyl. A poor younger son of a broken-down family, in short, who is regularly—

O'H. [*Emptying the tea-pot.*] Drained out. Sally, more water. [*Sally enters R. S. E., takes tea-pot off, and brings it on again directly.*] That's right, Sally, always be careful to fill your tea-pot.

Wyl. Now, as our client feels this interference keenly, he thinks himself justified in removing this person till his happiness is secured—he accordingly has got a bill of his for a hundred pounds transferred to him, which is now overdue, and for this bill he intends to arrest him.

O'H. Arrest him! aha!

Wyl. Accordingly, here is the writ which I have just received from London, duly stamped, and which you must forward to the sheriff for his warrant, sending also to the bailiff to bid him execute it promptly.

Enter SAUNDERS from the back, c.

Sau. The gig is at the door, sir.

Wyl. Very well—I have now explained this case to you, and I entrust it to your hands; the clerks will lay before you what's going on in the office, so I leave all to your discretion; good morning, my dear sir—I've no doubt when I return I shall find your prudence and ability have not been overstated. Here's the writ.

[*Offers writ to O'Hara.*

O'H. All right—pop it into the slop-basin. I'll take care of it.

Wyl. There, there. [*Lays the writ on the table, and exit c., followed by Saunders.*

O'H. So, then, here I am, Mr. Pierce O'Hara, transplanted from my native country to the wilds of Yorkshire, to vegetate, like a fir-tree, for the rest of my days—by my honour it's barbarous—and to think it's the doing of my own mother's brother, merely because I had spent all my money before I came to it, and wanted a few dirty hundreds to set me going in business!—and that's not the worst: not only does he exile me from Ireland, but he sells me to a partner who has no more notion of what constitutes a gentleman than one of his own door-scrapers—who thinks the whole business of life is to be inking one's fingers for a handful of shillings; he's had the impu-

dence to tell me that hunting and cocking are not pastimes for a lawyer. There's a *Jackeen* for you—I've degraded the O'Haras by such a dirty alliance; but what's to be done, the bargain's struck, and the money paid—well, then, isn't it my duty to convert the old villain, to show him the merit of walking like a man, instead of creeping like a pig with his nose in the gutter? By my honour I'll do it—I'll make him a *gentleman* in spite of his blood—I'll teach him the story of the *stone* and the *ambergris*—if he rubs against me, he shall get some good odour.

HAWK *advances from the back with papers.*

Hawk. Good morning, sir; Mr. Wylie desired me to show you what was doing in the office.

O'H. He's mighty good,

Hawk. Here's an action of trespass brought by one of our clients against Squire Quicksett.

O'H. Oh, for trespass, is it?

Hawk. Yes, sir—riding through his garden whilst hunting, and smashing his hot-house.

O'H. What, sir?

Hawk. Riding through his garden, I say, whilst hunting, and—

O'H. And do you mean to say you'd prosecute a man for riding straight to hounds?

Hawk. Of course, sir, if he does damage.

O'H. And you call it *damage*, if a gentleman rides down a cucumber bed, and kicks down a dirty hot-house?

Hawk. Undoubtedly, sir.

O'H. It is, sir? then hark'ye, young man, if you ever dare insult me by proposing such a case again, say your prayers before you move in the suit, for by the soul in my body, I'll—

Hawk. Sir!

O'H. I'll be *brief* with that brief—put it in the fire.

Hawk. The fire, sir?

O'H. The fire—and be quick, or I'll put you on it.

Hawk. The—the—fi—fi—fire, sir?

O'H. The fire—quick, or—

[Hawk walks round him in front, and stands hesitating near the fire-place.]

Hawk. But—but, sir—what will Mr. Wylie say?

O'H. You villain, if you don't instantly put that paper betwixt the middle bars, I'll throw you on the top one.

[*Hawk throws the brief into the grate.*]

That's right—that's my record office for such cases—and now, young man, let me give you a word of warning—I've bought half your master's practice, and brought him all my character!—do you hear that, sir?—my character, that has not been used to crawl by your dirty ways or roundabout methods. I mean to establish this firm upon *Galway* principles, upon the old high-blooded, four-bottled, five-barred system, and if you or any man dare to oppose it, I'd advise you to keep the door open for a start, that's all.

Hawk. I'm sure, sir, I didn't mean to offend—

O'H. Come here—what's your name?

Hawk. Hawk, sir.

O'H. You're more like a buzzard—but here, here's half a guinea for you—go to the inn, get a bowl of punch, and get drunk.

Hawk. Punch, sir.

O'H. Yes, sir—and if you come back *sober*, by my soul I'll discharge you.

Hawk. But what will Mr. Wylie say, sir?

O'H. What's that to you, you villain! get along this instant, and come back drunk—do you hear that—*blind* drunk—if you're able to say you're sober, I'll break your bones for disgracing me. [*Hawk goes out.*] By my honour, they want Law Reform in this office—I shall have my work to do here, I see—I—

Sau. [*In the back office.*] Mr. Charlcote, sir.

Enter CHARLCOTE from back.

Cha. Mr. O'Hara, I believe.

O'H. The same, sir.

Cha. I have just met Mr. Wylie, who has informed me you are his partner, and can act in lieu of him.

O'H. Command me, sir, I beg of you.

Cha. My name is Charlcote, and my sister, you may have heard, is on the eve of marriage with one of your clients. Well, sir, in the York paper of yesterday appeared a paragraph, stating as a reason for this marriage, that I had embezzled her fortune.

O'H. The libellous villain !

Cha. Here's the statement—read it, sir.

[Gives him a newspaper.]

I think this is the doing of a Mr. Fielding ; however, I'm resolved it shall be atoned for, so I desire you instantly to serve the editor with a notice of action.

O'H. A what ?

Cha. A notice of action.

O'H. Poh, poh ! that's not the thing !

Cha. No ?

O'H. No—haven't you been insulted ?

Cha. Certainly.

O'H. Well, then, isn't your remedy in two shapes. If the editor's a gentleman, you'll call him out, and if he's a blackguard, bate him.

Cha. Beat him !

O'H. What else ?

Cha. But my good sir, that's against the law.

O'H. The law—devil take the law, what's the law to do with justice ?

Cha. Then you would actually recommend me either to beat the fellow or challenge him ?

O'H. Of course I do—and if you want a second, I'm your man !

Cha. Well, really, this is the strangest fellow for a legal adviser !

O'H. I give you my honour, sir, it's regular Galway practice, and there isn't a county in the world where people are sooner satisfied.

Cha. Then you come from that county ?

O'H. I do, sir—it's the great nest of the O'Haras, where they've all been hatched and taken wing, since the deluge. Ah, sir ! I wish you could see our old family house, with its brown oak wainscots, hung with powder-flasks and dog-collars, and its furniture—none of your French gimcracks, but all as old as the ark and as sound as bog oak—sir, we haven't a table that hasn't had jigs danced upon it, nor a chair you can't throw at a friend without fear of breaking it.

Cha. That's convenient, certainly—but what odd sort of people—

O'H. By my honour, sir, there isn't one of 'em but

would watch a whole week by the bed of a sick friend, and take half his physic. Fellows, sir, that would drink with you, and fight with you—none of your “half-mounted” gentry, but all “gentlemen to the back bone.” Not one of them but can drain his four bottles at night, and leap a five-barr’d gate in the morning—then there’s such variety—you may go to a man’s house one week, and meet as aisy a-going set of fellows as ever ladled out punch: come there the week after, you’ll find them all dead and buried, and a fresh set of divils rollickin in their room.

Cha. And amidst this society you were brought up to the law?

O’H. Yes, sir—I had great educational advantages in my father; you may judge of his genius, sir, when I tell you, that before I was fifteen I could nick a tail, and prick a vein, wing a snipe, and worm a hound; I could draw a house, a horse, and a game cock, tin a saucepan, rim a wheel, play the German flute, crack a skull, and cane a bailiff with any man in the county. Having thus far completed my *education*, I went to London to be articled, and coming back to Galway, I devoted five years to the practical part of my profession; and if drinking hard all night, and riding hard all day, can make a man a lawyer, by my honour, sir, though I say it, I’m qualified for the woolsack myself.

Cha. Ha, ha! Well, I shall consider what you advise, and see you again; so for the present, good morning, Mr. O’Hara.

O’H. Sir, good morning to you.

[*Charlcote goes out at back, c.*]

A very pleasant fellow that—I must know more about him—I have let him see the way I mean to do business, any how—but murder and fire! what will I do now,—a whole day to be cooped up here amongst red tape and wafers—Shortbrain versus Tittlebats—without a horse, a dog, or a gun, or a friend to crack a bottle with—I’ll be dead before the morning, that’s certain; if there were a pair of chickens now in the garden, that I could persuade into a fight, or a horse in the next field I could tumble over a fence with—I have it, there is an old gun, which I saw when I first came here, in the room at the end of the pas-

sage—and that, I'll wager, has'nt seen the light of day since the battle of Marston Moor; it's got a mouth like a street-door, and a barrel crooked enough to fire up a staircase; but never mind, I'll send Saunders for ammunition. My bedroom window looks out upon the garden: by my honour I'll go and commence an action against the old fellow's pigeons, or by my conscience, if it comes to the worst—*[He is going off through R. door—a loud crash is heard outside, and a scream.]* What the divil's that?

SAUNDERS *runs in, c.*

Sau. Oh, sir, sir!

O'H. Speak, man alive—what's the matter?

Sau. A post-chaise has overturned at the door, with a lady and a gentleman.

O'H. Well, sir—do they say they're killed, or only speechless?

Sau. The gentleman's got out, sir, but the lady's fainted.

O'H. Then, you inhospitable villain, why don't you run to her, and bring her here?

Sau. There's some one coming in, sir.

Enter FIELDING, carrying in Miss CHARLCOTE, senseless, c.

O'H. Here, Sally—Saunders, you villain, ring the bell.

[Saunders rings the bell—Sally enters R.]

Fie. You will pardon this intrusion, but you see my excuse—a lady stunned—almost killed by this accident—may I trespass on your kindness for a chair—for something to revive her?—a glass of water?

O'H. Of course, sir—anything you like—but wouldn't the lady have some brandy, sir, or a little Drogheda usquebaugh?—it's a specific with us, sir, in all cases of weakness.

Fie. Any thing you please, sir.

O'H. Well, then—Here, Sally, attend the lady into the little back parlour at the end of the passage. There's a sofa in the next room: will you take her in there, sir, and I'll send for a physician.

Fie. A thousand thanks—this is kindness indeed!

[He carries her into the room, R. S. E.—Sally follows.]

O'H. By my honour, she's a cherub, that's the truth—

she's got a face that would move a *suit* in any court in Christendom—here, you villain, run for a doctor, do you hear, or—stop, Spindleshanks, I'll go myself, and—

FIELDING *returns.*

Fie. I'm happy to say, sir, my young friend is not injured—she'll be able to proceed in a few minutes—I've now only to see the post-chaise put to rights, and—

SAUNDERS *advances, c.*

Sau. One of the horses is killed, sir.

Fie. Killed!

Sau. And the post-poy is so stunned, he can't sit up.

[*He goes out again, c.*

Fie. Then I'm ruined.

[*He sinks into a chair.*

O'H. Ruined! Sir, I'm delighted to hear it.

Fie. Delighted!

O'H. Yes, sir—since it's clear you want a friend—and here's myself that's got nothing to do in the wide world, and will thank you for employment.

Fie. Is it possible!—may I then trust to you my secret?

O'H. By my honour you may, for as a secret's a thing I can never remember, no man, I think, can more faithfully keep one.

Fie. Then I'll have no reserve—with that lady in the next room, sir, I have eloped.

O'H. I thought so.

Fie. The tyranny of her brother drove me to the step, and the machinations of a villain, who has gained his confidence—a man, sir, whom she loathes, but who, to possess her, cares not what misery he inflicts.

O'H. And what's the name of this scoundrel?

Fie. Maldon, sir.

O'H. Maldon? and your name—

Fie. Is Fielding, and her brother's name is Charlcote.

O'H. Exactly. Then if I'm not mistaken, here's a bit of paper which concerns you. [*Shews him the writ.*] Allow me to introduce you to John Doe and Richard Roe.

Fie. A writ!

O'H. Only waiting the sheriff's warrant to take you to York Castle. I don't know what sort of lodgings they've got there.

Fie. Then you are—

O'H. Mr. Maldon's attorney, sir.

Fie. Whose business it is to arrest me?

O'H. Exactly so.

Fie. And you will do so—you, to whose roof necessity has driven me?

O'H. Now, was ever a man so grossly insulted—I *arrest* you! by my soul, sir, if I didn't think you had trouble enough on your hands already, I'd demand instant satisfaction.

Fie. What am I to think, then?

O'H. What! why that a man's being a lawyer, it doesn't of necessity follow that it must make him a ruffian; there goes the writ into my pocket, the best deed-box in the office.

Fie. You exempt me from delay, then, till my happiness is secured?

O'H. Of course, I do.

Fie. How am I to thank you?—but words are useless—some other time I'll prove my gratitude by deeds—no doubt at the inn I can get another chaise, and—[*Going to the back, c., he stops.*] What do I see!

O'H. What do you see?

Fie. As I live, 'tis Maldon himself dismounting at the inn—my fears are confirmed, then: he has pursued me.

O'H. Pursued you?

Fie. He, no doubt, and Charlcote—how can I avoid this new danger?

O'H. How? whenever I want to avoid a danger, I make a point to meet it plump in the face.

Fie. You would have me meet him, then?

O'H. Of course—if you'd stop him from pursuing you write him a challenge, and I'll carry it—lend you pistols—no lawyer in Ireland travels without them; a corkscrew and pistols are my law authorities.

Fie. Still, sir, I fear—

O'H. Oh, don't fear their missing—mine are hair triggers, and in capital order—by my honour, if they could speak, they'd thank you for *airing* them.

Fie. But won't it seem strange for *you* to carry a message—you, who are his own *lawyer*?

O'H. Not at all—that saves the trouble of an introduc-

tion—sit down and write it, man, sit down, I say—if not for your own sake, do it for mine—think what a luxury 'tis to a man of my profession—I haven't snapped a trigger for upwards of a month, and by my honour, I'm half dead for want of the enjoyment. [*Fielding sits at the table and writes.*] Aha! that's all right—I've got some work upon my hands at last—if I could only get up a fight here once a fortnight, I might be able to civilize the natives, and endure the country.

Fie. There, that will do, I think.

O'H. Do!—Crow Ryan or Amby Fitzgerald could not have written it better—now go and comfort your darling—but first address it—Mr. Maldon, and I'll take care of the rest; and if I don't settle this affair, never trust your honour again to one of the O'Haras.

[*He runs out at back, c.*

Fie. This seems to me like a dream—that accident should take me to the house of my enemy's attorney, and that I should find in him a friend—I'll carry this good news to Ellen, and then go to Ripon for a fresh conveyance.

[*He enters door, R. S. E.*

HAWK returns from the back, half tipsy.

Hawk. Why, I can't believe my senses—Mr. Fielding in the house, and Mr. O'Hara sends me to get drunk, instead of sending off the writ to the sheriff! What will old master say when he comes back?—what will the Irishman say? here's not half the day's work done yet, and every moment I expect those farmers from Barnsbury.

Mal. [*Heard without.*] Mr. Wylie within?

Hawk. Eh! why, as I live, here comes Mr. Maldon; what am I to say to him? I musn't tell him what has happened. Eh! I forgot—here's a note of old Wylie's I was to take him—how lucky I've got it.

Enter MALDON from the back.

Mal. Mr. Wylie's gone to Ripon, it seems—

Hawk. Yes, sir—he was called away quite suddenly to prepare a will, but he left this note, sir, [*Maldon takes and opens it,*] which—which I was going to bring to you—

Mal. Very good—he says here the writ was issued this morning.

Hawk. Y—es, sir.

Mal. And that before night, Fielding will be taken.

Hawk. No doubt of it, sir.

Mal. Then my fears are all at rest—the blow will be so heavy, and the sum so heavy, he can scarcely find means to pay it; 'twill remove him for at least a month, and in that time Ellen must be mine.

Hawk. [*Aside.*] Now, if Mr. Fielding should open that door.

Mal. By the bye, I wish to write a note to my friend Charlcote; he has a horse to run a race to-day close by, so I know he's in the neighbourhood. [*He sits at the table and takes paper.—O'Hara sings outside.*]

Hawk. [*At the back.*] Eh! why I declare here's Mr. O'Hara coming back. Well, as his superior standing has made all this confusion, I leave it to his superior genius to get out of it. Its very clear to me I'm not wanted.

[*He goes through R. door.*]

Re-enter O'HARA, breathless, c.

O'H. Phew! was ever anything so cruel!—I've missed the fellow at the inn, and devil knows where I am to find him—by my honour, it's heart-breaking—here's as pretty a challenge now as ever was penn'd, and no one to give it to!

Mal. [*Finishing his note.*] “Yours, faithfully, James Maldon.”

O'H. Maldon—Maldon is it? I beg pardon, sir, is that your name?

Mal. It is, sir.

O'H. You're a lucky man—here's a little note, sir, you'll oblige me by looking over.

Mal. A challenge! and from Fielding?

O'H. You've a discerning mind, sir.

Mal. Sir, this is impossible—this gentleman by this time might or must be in York Castle.

O'H. He might have been, sir, but he's out of York Castle.

Mal. I say he *is*, sir—a writ was issued against him to-day by my lawyer.

O'H. Which writ, sir, I took the liberty of stopping—

Mal. You?

O'H. I—

Mal. And upon what authority?

O'H. Upon that of your lawyer's partner, sir, who, having bought *half* his business, takes *all* his responsibility.

Mal. Infamous!—'tis beneath me to exchange a word with you, but I hold you responsible for the debt he owes me, and shall choose another time, sir, to call you to account. *[He goes off at back.]*

O'H. Could'nt you make it now?—Murder and fire!—then there's no *fight* after all. What have I done to provoke this cruel destiny?—

Enter CHARLCOTE from the back.

Cha. Good day, sir, again—I thought Mr. Maldon was here.

O'H. *[Aside.]* Eh! here's her brother come—I wonder, now, if *he'd* oblige me.

Cha. And yet, what use is there seeking him: he can't ride the mare, she'd throw him to a certainty.

O'H. *[Aside.]* He's come after his sister, that's plain enough.

Cha. *[Aside.]* And to lose the race in this way, with the stake so heavy!

O'H. Well, I may as well let him know my mind at once. Sir, I presume the object of your visit here is now no secret.

Cha. None whatever—I've backed my mare to-day for a thousand guineas, and within half an hour of its coming off, my jockey has been taken ill.

O'H. What?

Cha. My jockey has been taken ill.

O'H. And can't ride the mare?

Cha. Yes—the only man in Yorkshire who can ride her.

O'H. I beg your pardon, sir, I don't like to commit myself, but I beg to say that if your horse was a *hurricane*, there's another man can ride her, and that's myself.

Cha. You?

O'H. I—I thank heaven my education has been so well attended to on that point, I can ride anything that possesses a back, and if it happens to have three legs, I can help it to a fourth.

Cha. But—but, of course you couldn't oblige me on this occasion?

O'H. I couldn't? and why not, pray?

Cha. It would compromise you as a *lawyer*.

O'H. As a lawyer! why, man alive, in Galway, the necessary steps to practice are two fights and a race.

Cha. Then do you mean to say you'll ride my mare?

O'H. As sure as sunrise—when is it to come off?

Cha. In twenty minutes.

O'H. What weight must she carry?

Cha. Twelve stone.

O'H. Mine to a pound—get the scales ready—I'll get my whip and cap, and be with you in a jiffy.

Cha. And afterwards you'll dine with us?

O'H. To be sure I will—and drink with you till you're under the table.

Cha. Very well—then I shall expect you on the field in twenty minutes.

[*He goes out at back.*]

O'H. By my honour, this is a windfall—I've got something to do at last in the way of my profession. Ah! if that old thief knew how I was working for him, if he knew how I was slaving for the good of the firm—Mr. Charlcote's blood mare, rode by Mr. Pierce O'Hara, for a thousand guineas aside!—if that doesn't demonstrate my claims as a lawyer, I want to know what will!

Enter HAWK from the back.

Hawk. If you please, sir, here's the deputation from Barnsbury come to consult with you.

O'H. Very good—then just to assist the consultation, you'll be kind enough to fetch my jockey cap, whip, and jacket.

Hawk. Your jockey cap and jacket?

O'H. Yes, sir—did you hear me?

Hawk. But—but, won't you speak to the clients, sir, before you go?

O'H. No, sir—I'll not be dirtying my fingers to-day with any of your rascally proceedings—if they are to be cheated, do it in secret, sir.

Hawk. Cheated, sir? their case is a public one—they're a body of patriotic yeomen, who are resolved to defend a right of way over Barnsbury-heath, against the Lord of the Manor.

O'H. They are! then honour go with them, and good luck to boot—go, fetch my things—give me the papers, I'll attend to the deputation from Barnsbury. [*Exit Hawk, R. S. E.*] By my faith, I thought it had been some eel-skinning business, only fit for my partner—but a body of patriots, sons of a free soil, defending the right bequeathed them by their fathers—by my honour, that's a good subject for a speech. I'll give them a taste of Irish eloquence—Saunders, show the gentlemen in.

Enter SAUNDERS with FARMERS, C.

Sau. This way, gentlemen, this way.

Farmers. Good morning, sir.

O'H. Gentlemen, good morning to you, I'm delighted to see you. Saunders, where's the case?

Sau. Here, sir. [*He gives O'Hara papers—the Farmers range themselves before him.*]

O'H. Good morning, gentlemen. I have but a few minutes to spare, as I am engaged upon a case of the most vital importance, not only to this county, but the country at large—but in those few minutes I will endeavour to give you my opinion as regards the subject you have come upon, and on which you seek it—[*Aside.*] Just twelve minutes.—[*Aloud.*] Gentlemen, I will begin by observing, that law, as you all know, is neither as rapid as a race-horse, nor as cheap as oysters; 'tis an *evil* which we must all seek occasionally, in order that good may come—we must do it, gentlemen, if not for our own sakes, for the sake of posterity—though, to be sure, you may say what has posterity ever done for *us*? That's true, gentlemen, I admit the force of that, though, at the same time, I would draw this distinction, that, by the term posterity, I don't mean our ancestors, but that honourable class of men which comes immediately after them. Having thus, gentlemen, laid down the principles of law in general, let me proceed to apply them to the case at issue. This is a question of a right of way; now, of a right of way, you are aware, there may be three kinds. There may be a way through a gate in the manner of a man, or over a gate in the manner of a horse, or under a gate in the manner of a weazle. Again, gentlemen, there may be high-ways and by-ways, straight-ways and crooked-ways,

and, as in the case of your landlord, a d—d dirty way. But, gentlemen, which ever way this is, you think it your right, and I presume you will in no way resign it—I'll not insult you with the suspicion: gentlemen, this is a subject on which I feel inspired by the ardour of the Roman Cicero, when appealing to the Senate, in that great oration against Catiline, which you must all so well remember—he sprung to the Forum, and exclaimed—*[Aside.]* Saunders, make haste, you scoundrel—*[Jumping on a chair, puts one foot on the table, and looks at his watch].* *[Aloud.]* You Conscript Fathers, August Senators of Rome, on you I call—*[Aside.]* Where's my cap and jacket?—*[Aloud.]* our rights are attacked, shall we not preserve them? on you I call to rise up from your curule chairs, and in a voice of thunder cry out—

CHARLCOTE *runs in from the back.*

Cha. Time's up!—come and be weighed.

O'H. Yoicks? yoicks! I'm your man—Galway for ever! *[He jumps from the table, throwing off his coat—Sally at the same moment runs in, R., with his jockey jacket, and Hawk with his whip and cap—he slips them on.]* Now, Conscript Fathers, Senators of Barnsbury, I'm going to ride a race, will you come and see it?—the case, or the race? *[The Farmers send up a shout—"The race! the race! huzza!" &c. The trumpet sounds outside, to weigh—O'Hara runs out with Charlcote, waving his whip, the Farmers after him.]*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The offices as before, but in a great state of confusion, chairs upset, papers, books, and boxes strewed about the floor—Time, night.—Candles lighted.*

HAWK and SAUNDERS *discovered seated.*

Hawk. I say, Saunders, what's o'clock?

Sau. Ten—it's just striking.

Hawk. Ten o'clock, and the governor has not come back yet—well, when he does come, what are we to say to him? here has this Irishman ruined the day's work, destroyed a brief, dismissed a deputation, and let the firm in for Mr. Fielding's debt—I wouldn't care if he bore the blame himself, but old Wylie is so suspicious, he'll swear *I* had some hand in it. I wonder whether he'll be back to-night—if he shouldn't till to-morrow, his partner will be home by that time, and they could fight it out between them—half-past ten, it's not very likely—no, I think it's all right—all safe—all—

Wyl. [*Outside.*] Hawk! Saunders!

Hawk. Mercy on us, there he is.

Sau. Yes, here he is, at last, and looking precious sour—what will he say, when you tell him all that's happened?

Hawk. And what will he *do*? he'll murder both of us!

Sau. Do you think so? then I wouldn't tell him—I'd let him find it out.

Hawk. A good thought—and I say—

Sau. Mum, here he comes.

Enter WYLIE, from the back, c., in his travelling dress as before.

Wyl. Why, Hawk—Saunders, how's this: is your work over so soon?

Hawk. Y—es, sir—it's been all over with us for some time.

Wyl. Well, I'm glad to hear it, that shews you've not been idle; and Mr. O'Hara—

Hawk. Oh, he's not been idle either, has he, Saunders?

Sau. No, sir—he's done a great deal to-day.

Wyl. Well, I'm happy to hear that—he's at home, of course?

Hawk. At—at home, sir?

Wyl. Yes, at home.

Hawk. No, sir—I think he has stepped out.

Wyl. To see a client?

Hawk. Yes, sir—I think it was about some *proceeding*—[*Aside*] *on horseback.*

Wyl. A case lying in the county?

Hawk. Yes, sir—[*Aside*] and half way *across* it.

Wyl. Well, I dare say, he's got over the ground rapidly.

Hawk. No doubt of it, sir—[*Aside*] he won the race in seven minutes.

Wyl. Well, Hawk, as it's so late, and I'm very tired, I won't detain you any longer.

Hawk. [*Aside.*] Thank heaven!

Wyl. So you can get your supper; and, Saunders, as you go, you can close the office.

Sau. Yes, sir. [*Draws bolt and blows out office candles.*]

Hawk. [*Aside.*] Saved my bones, by Jupiter!

[*Saunders goes out at back, and closes middle door—*

Hawk through door R.

Wyl. Come, my partner's steadiness to-day is gratifying—I confess I'd some misgivings on leaving him this morning, knowing the school he was brought up in; but this news removes all fears, so I'll go and have my supper, and by that time I dare say he'll be in—stop, I think I may as well first look over my memorandums. [*Going to the table, R., with papers, he draws a chair.*] It's very cool to-night—is there any fire here? [*He looks into the grate.*] Eh! why, the grate is choked up with paper. What have they been burning here? [*He takes up the remnant of the brief.*] What's this? here's a remnant of a hundred folios—this must be something valuable—here, Hawk! Sally!—bring a light. I can't see to read it, but—

Enter HAWK, R.

Hawk. Did you call, sir?

Wyl. Yes, sir—bring here that candle. What's this? [*Reads.*] “*Ruggles versus Quicksett,*” why, it can't be the brief.

Hawk. The—the what, sir?

Wyl. The brief, sir—thrown into that grate and burnt to a cinder.

Hawk. Is—is it, sir?

Wyl. Yes, sir: what does this mean?

Hawk. I'm sure, sir, I don't know—I—[*Aside*]*—I'm a dead man!*

Wyl. Who threw it there?

Hawk. Who, sir?

Wyl. Speak, you rascal, or I'll strangle you!

Hawk. Mr. O'Hara, sir.

Wyl. Mr. O'Hara!

Hawk. Yes, sir.

Wyl. And for what reason?

Hawk. Because he said it *disgraced* us.

Wyl. Disgraced us?

Hawk. I went down on my knees to stop him, sir, but—

Wyl. But the *writ*—he sent *that*, of course?

Hawk. No, sir, he didn't.

Wyl. No!

Hawk. He said that disgraced us also.

Wyl. Fielding not *arrested*?

Hawk. No, sir—and what's more, the deputation from Barnsbury—

Wyl. Well?

Hawk. He turned them all out of the house—and they're gone to another lawyer.

Wyl. [*Dropping into a chair.*] Why, I'm ruined!

Hawk. I was afraid, sir, to tell you when you came in, but—

Wyl. Oh! fool, fool—and for the poor bait of a few hundred pounds, I've tied myself to this imposter—where is he now?

Hawk. He's dining with the hunt, sir.

Wyl. With the hunt?

Hawk. Yes, sir—he rode a race to-day, and having won it—

Wyl. Rode a race—why I'm disgraced eternally. This is a blow no dozen firms could stand under—the impudent villain—but, Mr. Maldon, has *he* been here?

Hawk. Yes, sir; and left this note for you.

Wyl. My brain whirls. [*He tears the note open.*]

Hawk. [*Aside.*] That's lucky, if his *brain* whirls, his *stick* can't.

Wyl. He says here, the only condition on which he will forgive his treatment, is, that I instantly dismiss my partner.

Hawk. Dismiss him, sir?

Wyl. Yes—how shall I act—Maldon must be pacified—must be obeyed—there is but one way—I'll go to this Irishman, charge him with his baseness, and—no—I'll answer this note first—Mr. Maldon is waiting for it—yes, I'll write it in the next room—and you, Hawk, shall carry it—and then to deal with this Irishman. [*Exit, R.*]

O'HARA *sings at the back.*

Ho Ro, it's the sup of good drink,
 Ho Ro, it's the sup of good drink,
 If I had a shilling wrapped up in a clout,
 It's the sup of good drink that would wheedle it out.

O'HARA *staggers in from the back, whip in hand, singing.*

O'H. Whoop, ho ro! why, you villains, where are you all? lights out, office empty—is this the way you attend to business? are these the habits of order and propriety required by our profession—you dissolute vagabonds, I'll take my oath you're getting drunk and disgracing the firm. By my conscience, I must discharge them. I've no doubt, now, that whilst I've been slaving for the good of the house, those caterpillars, my clerks, have been spending my money and ruining my character. Ah! it's lucky for that old thief, my partner, there's some one in the firm to stick to business—whoop! tally-ho! who's afraid—um—the door locked—where's the key? d—n the key—here's a leg shall spoil a lock as quickly as any key in Christendom. [*He bursts c. d. open.*] Ah! ah! so! so! [*He cracks his whip, and imagines himself on horseback.*] Asy, asy, now, my beauty—don't strain yourself at a dirty gutter, only ten foot across— isn't there a seven foot wall before you—don't you see it, now? don't jump till you're under it—now, down with your nose, up with your legs, and—whoop! by my honour, she's cleared it—seven hedges, seven ditches, two pig-styes, and a cow-house, and all upon one little bucket of water. By my conscience, I think if she'd a tumbler of punch, she'd go over a church—whoop! who's afraid—chair, chair, chair—order, order. [*He leans against the chair and bows.*] Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in drinking my health—I return you, gentlemen, a sportsman's thanks and a stranger's gratitude. Mr. Chairman, as I said before, a stranger's thanks and a sportsman's gratitude—and I beg to say, gentlemen, on resuming my seat—[*he stumbles back, and falls on the ground.*] Ha, ha! I've been knocked down for a song—this room appeared to be *square* this morning—and now it's *circular*, and that's not the only *Phenomena* I've observed this evening—how very odd—I was not aware till to-day that the

county of York was subject to earthquakes—but such is the fact, for, as I came along here, strange to say, the ground rose up every now and then and hit me in the face—a very singular occurrence, very singular. Well, here I am at home, though not in bed—never mind, if I can't go to my room, I suppose my room will come to me—I'll prove that philosophically—according to Newton, the earth is *round*, and is constantly *turning*, consequently I've only got to lie quiet and hold up my key, and my room must come to me in time—ah! those rollicking devils, they watered the punch, the villains—they diluted the drink.

SALLY comes from door, R. S. E.

Sal. Deary me, zur, what be the matter wi' ye, zur?

O'H. A dropsical complaint—the water on my chest—the blackguards where I've been dining have diluted the punch.

Sal. Nau, did they, zur?

O'H. They did, the villains—though I'd tossed off no more than four bottles of claret.

Sal. Why, la, zur, you han't drunk four whole bottles, have you, and no one to help you?

O'H. Sally, you darling, I derived great assistance—I had a bottle of Madeira to help me—Sally, you devil, come here—[*Aside*] by my faith, that girl's eyes are blacker than ever; I must be “Chamber Council” here—I must have a suit with Sally, so I'll open the pleadings.—[*Aloud.*] You divil, do you know, I couldn't sleep last night for dreaming of you?

Sal. La, zur.

O'H. It's a fact, you villain, you're killing me by inches; you shall be my *client*, Sally, for the future, and I'll be your *solicitor*.

Sal. Deary me, zur, will'ee?

O'H. Will I? won't I? hark you, my cherub—did you ever hear of Epicurus' doctrine of the agitation of atoms?

Sal. Of what, zur?

O'H. Of atoms. Epicurus asserted that the world was made of a great heap of atoms, which came jostling together like heads and sticks on the last day of Donnybrook; now, it's very clear to me, that the first atoms that met in the regions of space, were the tips of our lips—so, by

way of instructing you in the old sceptical philosophy, just allow me to renew the original contract.

[*Making an attempt to seize her.*]

Enter WYLIE from R. door—Sally screams and runs off at the back.

Wyl. What the devil are you about ?

O'H. Giving Sally an idea of the Epicurean system.

Wyl. How dare you, sir ?

O'H. Aha ! my old six-and-eight-pence, is that you ? —always turn your back, or knock at the door, in these cases.

Wyl. Dare you look me in the face ?

O'H. Why, considering it's a *Gorgon's*, I certainly wonder at my courage.

Wyl. Have you not exposed me ?

O'H. That's very possible.

Wyl. Disgraced me !

O'H. That's impossible.

Wyl. Destroyed my best brief, dismissed my best suit, alienated my best client—sir, you deserve hanging !

O'H. Well, sir—and what's hanging ? the law taking advantage of a gentleman's misfortunes !

Wyl. And not content with all this, you bring a woman into the house, for what I know, your mistress

O'H. My what ?

Wyl. Your mistress ! | *O'Hara attempts to rise and hit him with the whip, but falls back.*

O'H. You old thief of the world, if you don't instantly beg pardon of the cherub you've slandered, I'll—ah, it's lucky for you that they watered the punch.

Wyl. Well, sir, I'll have no more words with you—I'm cool, now, sir, quite cool and collected—and now, sir, let me thank you for one outrage you've committed—for riding that race to-day, by which you have violated our deed of partnership—do you hear that, sir ? I'm happy to tell you, you're no longer my partner.

O'H. What's that ?

Wyl. No longer my partner, sir.

O'H. Come, come, old pouncet-box, you're joking.

Wyl. Joking, am I—then I'll give you the proof. [*Goes to the deed box on the table, and extracts a paper.*] Here is

the deed containing this especial clause. [*Reads.*] "And be it further provided, that if the said Pierce O'Hara should ever be guilty of riding a race, or joining in any other unbecoming amusement, that such conduct should vitiate this deed." Do you hear that?

O'H. You want a light, allow me to hand you one.

[*Sets fire to the paper.*]

Wyl. What the devil are you at?

O'H. Saving you a vast deal of trouble.

Wyl. Well, sir—since I've satisfied you, there, sir. [*Tears the deed up and throws it at him.*] There, sir—and now I'm free of you—you're a stranger to me—you've no longer any right or title here, and I demand that you leave my house forthwith.

O'H. To-night!

Wyl. To-night—not another hour shall you pass under this roof.

O'H. Pililew!

Wyl. I was to-day your victim, I'm now your judge, sir—I'll hear no reply—no reply, sir—no reply. [*He goes off through door R.—O'Hara sits up half-sobered.*]

O'H. My judge!—by my honour, you're a justice in eyre! So, then, Mr. Pierce O'Hara, the upshot is, that you're turned out of the house at eleven o'clock at night, without a shed on a common to go to roost under. Why, murder and fire, what will become of me?—I've a thorough knowledge of my profession, it's true—but till I catch a client, of money I may say I've a plentiful scarcity.

SAUNDERS enters R., with trunks, sticks, pistol-case, &c.

Sau. Here are your things, sir.

O'H. My things?

Sau. Mr. Wylie told me to bring them here, and then step to the inn and tell the boots to fetch them.

O'H. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to tell the boots I want a bed.

Sau. Very well, sir. [*He goes out at the back—O'Hara staggers to his feet.*]

O'H. Oh! it's true enough—out I'm going like a house dog, in the middle of the night, and the old villain won't even give shelter to my boxes; and this is the beginning of my legal career in Yorkshire—by my honour, it's cheer-

ing—if I begin by being turned out of a house, I suppose I shall end with breaking into one.

Enter Miss CHARLCOTE, R. S. E.

Miss C. You are here, sir—you'll pardon my anxiety, but Mr. Fielding is not returned, and were my brother to discover me—

O'H. Well, my darling, and if he should?

Miss C. Are you not aware he would compel me to marry a man I hate? But do not think I blame him; I know in all he has done he has been a victim like myself.

O'H. A victim? then there are three victims—you are a victim, I'm a victim, and your brother's a victim.

Miss C. His reason for compelling me to marry Mr. Maldon is, that he owes him a debt of several thousand pounds, which he lost to him at cards.

O'H. Friends playing together!—the devil's own doings!

Miss C. His estate being encumbered, he had no immediate means to pay it, and was obliged to beg for time; it was granted, but only on condition that he consented, as my guardian, to his creditor's desires: his ruin was the alternative if he refused, and, therefore—

O'H. To save his *stud* he sacrificed his *sister*!

Miss C. Ah, sir, you must not be too harsh with him. I know he would not willingly have wronged me; but he is young—he's proud—and threatened, as I tell you, for a sum he couldn't pay—

O'H. I understand—as that's the case, just tell me, my angel, where I may find this generous lover, this accommodating creditor?

Mal. [*Without.*] Tell Mr. Wylie, sir, I am here.

Miss C. Ah! that is his voice.

O'H. It is—then oblige me by leaving us, and trust your case to me. Consider me your counsel, and never fear but with my arguments I'll *non-suit* your *suitor*.

Miss C. Ah, sir, accept the best thanks—the prayers of her you have defended.

[*She goes off, R. S. E.*]

O'H. By my honour, I'd rather have you than your prayers; however, no matter for that, she's a saint, and I'll take care no one plunders her shrine. So, now it's all out—my fox-hunting friend has been done at play, I

fancy, by this Maldon, and having no money, like other country gentlemen, he pays him in kind. Now, let me consider my course in this affair—though in most personal actions my favourite *code* has been a *canon* law, yet there are cases where the conduct having been criminal, the process need not be civil—he's coming—good—I'll in this case consider him in the light of a lord chancellor who has decided unfairly, so I'll put to him a point which he'll find so knotty, I shouldn't at all wonder if it altered his judgment.

Enter MALDON from the back.

Mal. You here, sir ?

O'H. Yes, sir ; you seem surprised to see me here.

Mal. I am, after the note I've just received.

O'H. The note ?

Mal. From Mr. Wylie ; acquainting me, that, as some atonement for my treatment, he had, at my desire, dissolved your partnership, and dismissed you from his house.

O'H. Oho ! at your desire ?

Mal. At my desire.

O'H. Then it's to you I'm indebted for being turned out of doors at eleven o'clock at night. Sir, I'm obliged to you.

Mal. Obligated to me !

O'H. Yes, sir, for adopting this method of doing me justice. Many thanks to you, sir, we'll have it off directly.

Mal. What, sir, in the middle of the night ?

O'H. Why not ; where could you find a snigger room than this ? we've only got to lock the doors, toss up for corners, and blaze away.

Mal. But, sir, I didn't come here to be shot at—

O'H. You didn't ? Well, now, only to see some men's good fortune ; you didn't hope for such a pleasure, and here you've tumbled into it.

Mal. But, sir, I'm wholly unprepared—I've neither friends nor pistols.

O'H. Oh, make yourself easy, I'll be your friend, and I've as pretty a pair of reporters in that case as you'd wish to stand before. [*Opens trunk & takes out pistol case.*]

Mal. Sir, I refuse your proposal. If you'll wait till daybreak—

O'H. Daybreak ! poh, poh—I see your taste wants re-

fining. You're fond of a big field and a staring sky, where every one can look at you. That's not our mode in Galway; we prefer the social seclusion of a saw-pit, or a study, where there's just light enough to see we don't hurt the furniture.

Mal. Sir, I decline this meeting—I demand that you let me go.

O'H. Go! oh, of course; they'll go fast enough. Now, look at them—ain't they a pair of darlings? I've a sort of love for these pistols that stands me in lieu of paternal attachments—one I call Sweetlips, and the other the Coaxer. There, sir, they're ready loaded, and I've primed them—now take your choice, and if you like a short shot, catch hold of the end of this neckcloth. [*He forces a pistol into Maldon's hand, and untwists his cravat.*] Oh, you've got Coaxer—Coaxer's the boy, I give you my honour.

Mal. [*Aside.*] What am I to do?

O'H. Stop, stop—I'll lock the door and hang up the key; and then, you know, when it's all over the *survivor* can let himself out. [*He goes to door at back and closes it.*] Do me the favour to observe, there's the key under this hat; and now, sir, if you'll not consider this distance objectionable, give the word!

Mal. I must wing this ruffian, or be murdered by him; so, here goes. [*He snaps the pistol at O'Hara—O'H. turns.*]

O'H. Missed, by St. Peter.

Mal. D—n—I—I'm afraid, sir, I levelled too soon, but—

O'H. Oh, don't mention it—I'll not be in such a hurry—I've seen many a good aim thrown away by an over hasty pull.

Mal. Hold, hold, Mr. O'Hara; you cannot think of levelling at an unarmed man—you see I'm powerless.

O'H. And whose fault is that, my dear?—a miss always counts for a shot—If you're on your legs after my fire, I'll hammer your flint and prick your touch-hole myself.

[*Aiming.*]

Mal. Hold, sir! Mr. O'Hara, for heaven's sake reserve your fire!

O'H. If you're serious in that unreasonable demand, I'd as soon think of shooting a dead rat out of a trap. I see you're the sort of man to deal with by arbitration.

Mal. Why, certainly, I should prefer that course. Let

us part now, and in the morning I'll appoint one arbitrator, and—

O'H. Oh, don't trouble yourself, I've got a couple close at my heels.

Mal. And who may they be?

O'H. [*Producing the sticks.*] Messrs. Blackthorn and Ground Ash! you may take your choice. I'll answer for it, neither of these miss fire.

Mal. But, sir, you can't seriously imagine I can contend in this way.

O'H. Upon my conscience, you're hard to please—but to be plain with you, I begin to think you can contend in no way that's worthy of a gentleman. Now, hear what I have to say, sir: you fired at me at a 'vantage; I offer you a defence, and you refuse to take it. Now there's only one thing you can do to save your bones from being turned into a jelly, and your conduct posted all over the county. Hark'ye, Mr. Maldon: you've won a sum of money from my friend Charlcote, on which advantage you compelled him to promise you his sister's hand. Now, sir, write me at once a release from that promise.

Mal. Well, sir, under the present circumstances, I've no desire to press Miss Charlcote's inclinations.

O'H. Under present circumstances, I think you are quite right in your decision.

Mal. But some one is approaching by that passage: only be silent, and trust to my honour for the release.

O'H. Don't you think it would be as well to sign the release now, and trust to my honour to be silent?

Mal. But we shall be discovered, and I exposed.

O'H. Not in that room—I'll wait on you.

Mal. Mr. O'Hara, I am wealthy, and can be grateful—is there no other way.

O'H. Shall I refer you to Counsellor Blackthorn?

Mal. Devil take Counsellor Blackthorn. [*Exit, L.*]

O'H. The Counsellor's pleading is inimitable, in cases of this kind—I'll take him with me, now, as an incorruptible witness. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter WYLIE and HAWK from R., with a candle.

Wyl. What's this? Quicksett has satisfied Ruggles?

Hawk. Yes, sir; and all owing to Mr. O'Hara. The

Squire dined with him to-day, and has agreed both to compensate our client, and to employ us for the future.

Wyl. The deuce he has! Why, then, the Irishman has not lost me a client, but gained me one?

Hawk. Exactly so, sir.

Wyl. But then his treatment of that flock of farmers, by whom I must have gained hundreds, I can never forgive.

Enter the DEPUTATION, fol'owed by FIELDING.

Wyl. Really, gentlemen, I am very sorry my partner should have treated you in so shameful a manner.

Far. Shameful, zur; la bless you, he be the finest lawyer that ever comed into these parts. Why, at the dinner to-day, he got the Lord of the Manor to give us up the right of way over Barnsbury Heath.

Wyl. He did?

Fie. Which landlord, sir, is my uncle, from whom I have been estranged for many years, and to whose favour I was restored to-day, through the kindness of your partner, who, by not arresting me, but suffering me to proceed to Ripon, where I met my relative, has helped me back to affluence. As a small earnest of my gratitude, allow me to offer you the management of the coal mines on my uncle's property.

Wyl. The coal mines!—why that's a thousand a-year at the least shilling.

Enter CHARLCOTE from the back.

Cha. Mr. Fielding!

Fie. Mr. Charlcote, this meeting is fortunate. This morning, rendered desperate by your refusal, I stole your sister from your roof; I now beg to restore her to you, and to tell you I possess a property which enables me to ask her from you as becomes a gentleman.

Cha. Sir, I have already told you my sister's hand is pledged to Mr. Maldon: my word is given to him, and he only can release me from it.

[O'Hara and Maldon come from L.]

O'H. Which he is quite ready to do at the lady's request.

Cha. Maldon, is this really so?

O'H. There is the formal release, which, by Mr. Maldon's request, I have drawn up. *[Gives paper.]*

Cha. What do I see !

Mal. A permission to your sister to follow her own inclinations ; to which, Charlcote, let me add a full discharge of the play debt between us ; which I never should have pressed, could I have hoped to win your sister's hand.

[*Crosses to R.*

O'H. [*To Farmers.*] Ha ! my Conscript Fathers ! Patriot Senators of Barnsbury—I've met your lord of the manor at dinner to-day, and over our third bottle convinced him he ought to concede the right in question. Return, therefore, and go on your ancient ways rejoicing.

[*Farmers exeunt, c.*

Fie. Mr. Maldon, accept my friendship. But my dear Mr. O'Hara, what do I not owe you ?

Cha. [*To O'Hara.*] You have saved me from ruin, command me for the future as you please. Mr. Fielding—Maldon—we are now no longer enemies ; let my sister be the witness of our reconciliation. [*They go out R. S. F.*

Wyl. Why, I can't believe my senses—obtained a discharge of Charlcote's debt !

O'H. Every farthing of it.

Wyl. But by what power did you convince him ?

O'H. The power of justice, aided with the opinion of a counsellor, whose arguments, if rightly applied, seldom or ever fail in such equivocal cases.

Wyl. Sir, this seems impossible.

O'H. Oh, no doubt—to ordinary minds—to your poor miserable every-day practitioners ; but to lawyers who act on the constitutional principles of immutable justice, it never fails.

Wyl. [*Aside.*] Why, this man is a miracle ; every outrage he has committed against legal propriety has turned into a benefit ; and after all, his profundity as a lawyer—

[*O'Hara, during this, having buttoned up his coat to go, now takes his hat.*

O'H. And now, Mr. Wylie, having put your business on a more elevated footing than I found it, I'll bid you good bye.

Wyl. What's that—surely, my dear sir, you're not going to leave me !

O'H. Why, haven't you discharged me ?

Wyl. Oh, nonsense, I know I said something hasty just now, but—

O'H. Hasty, sir; didn't you say I disgraced you?

Wyl. My dear sir, how can you disgrace me, who are honored by every client I have?

O'H. Didn't you say I had ruined you?

Wyl. How can you ruin me, when you have secured me a thousand a-year?

O'H. Well, sir, I might pardon that—I might set it down to passion, or mistake; but there was one taunt of yours I never can forgive—you reflected on my practice—you said I was no *lawyer*.

Wyl. But—but—my dear sir, that was a forgetfulness which—

O'H. No, no, sir—no apologies can atone for that—your calumny has struck into my heart, sir—I'm off.

[*O'Hara, struggling to get out—Charlcote, Fielding, and Miss Charlcote come from R.*

Cha. Hey-day—what's this—partners quarrelling?

Wyl. Speak to him, Mr. Charlcote; he's mad enough to think I wish to part with him.

Cha. Come, come—I hope not—he must stay with you for our sakes. Eh, sister?

O'H. I'm off—I'm off—

Miss C. Pray, Mr. O'Hara, do remain to witness and partake the happiness you've created.

Wyl. Come, come, now, as an Irishman, you'll not refuse a lady's reasonable request.

O'H. Sir, it's not Galway practice to question the reasonableness of a lady's request; but if I do consent, one word with you, my friend: It seems to me, that you and I go upon opposite systems; you setting all men down for rascals, think no one's worth serving but yourself; whilst I am of opinion, that there's no better way to mind our own interests than now and then to remember other people's. Do you agree to that?

Wyl. Perfectly.

O'H. Well, then, there's my hand; we'll draw up a new deed, and to-morrow we'll start afresh. And, now, as all our friends are content about us, I trust there are a few here who will not withhold their support from the future career of an Irish Attorney.



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